

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

VOL. XIV.

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NO. 138.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

It understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.

(We have several letters from New Zealand yet on file, but give this first, as it is of more immediate and special interest.)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 21, 1886.
I FIFTH STREET, cor. Market.

DEAR INTERIOR:—I find that I am the subject of a double illusion since landing on my native shore. The first is this: I seem to be only a little way from Kentucky. Twenty five hundred miles and the greater part of the breadth of a continent seem most trifling distances now that I am upon the terra firma called after the name of that upon which I was born. While oceans rolled between my country and our little troupe the sense of immeasurable distance was upon me. To have announced to me, believing it, that I was ten millions of miles away from my native land, instead of ten thousand, would not have increased my apprehension of far remoteness in any appreciable degree. But as soon as we touched land, nay, as soon as we steamed into the "Golden Gate" and I saw with my own eyes the lights of "Frisco," I seemed already to have arrived at home, in such an illusive sense that it seemed only a little way beyond Telegraph Hill. And that curious feeling has not left me yet. I know that it will take five days hard running with the best of engines and the biggest of driving wheels to cover the distance. That is a hard fact. And the figures of measurement amounting to the 25,000 afore-said I am also familiar with. But they weigh not a jot, except as intellectual convictions, which yet produce little or no impression upon the inner man—still persisting in thinking that "my old Kentucky home" is not "far away," but just at hand not farther off than Pink Cottage from Stanford; or just over the hill. It is a very funny illusion and I don't quite understand the method of the interior workings of mind and spirit on the subject. Perhaps my readers have some better idea than I have. Perhaps a few will read and shake their heads and murmur, "There it is; another symptom of that insanity that I always predicted would overtake him. Here he is, talking lunatically as soon as he lands."

My second illusion is like to the first. I seem never to have been away; but the past three years seem like the disempered fancies of a sleeper, who has awakened to a knowledge that he has been dreaming.

For the rest, surely San Francisco seems as familiar already as Louisville or Chicago.

The dear LORD led us, on landing, straight to the best place we could have found in a month's search. How do I know He led me? Because He knows we wanted comfortable lodgings at moderate price, on arrival in a strange city. We trusted Him to guide us to the right place and He did it. Why should He not take a kindly interest in the comfort of His trustful children, if He be a Father? To suppose Him such an august Being as to be above stooping to the little lives His earthly children are obliged to live every day, is to deny the very germinal thought of fatherhood known to every one who is a father, even among us "being evil." Are the little lives of our little children lead beneath our high-mighty innees or no? Rather do we not delight to stoop for love's sake to their level and enter ourselves into all their pleasures and pains, thus making them our own. "How much more" He, being "good," can thus condescend?

So we have most comfortable, even elegant rooms in this 3-story house, full of "apartments to let," and take our meals at a restaurant a few doors lower down the street. Surely the most care-free method of living for those who must needs forego the sweets of home, and one's own house and grounds. Of course nothing in all the hemisphere can balance that. She can, at best, but offer feeble compensations that never can equal "home, sweet home."

Our landlady is a lady, every inch, and comes from Louisville. Of course she was nearer than a mere landlady as soon as we found that out.

I can never tell you how much good the letters we found awaiting our arrival did us. O, blessed "cup of cold water," when the soul is athirst! Thou shalt never cease to bless, both giver or receiver, while eternal ages roll.

We found kinsfolk too, after a diligent search in Oakland, across the harbor. Very dear, those who were left, but dearer still the one who had gone to God before we came. She who had nursed me in babyhood and ever been to me as a dear elder sister, true from first to last, had vanished from the dear family circle, where we had hoped to see her. Alas! And the first INTERIOR JOURNAL opened told us of the death of another sister, my brother Lyon's wife, saddening us all with the thought

that we should miss her also from the family gathering we are looking forward to.

Dear James Paxton, too! My early, lifelong, steadfast friend and brother. How keenly we will feel his absence! No better man ever lived in Lincoln county. And no one knew him better than his old pastor, who writes these few lines of loving remembrance. It will be a visit full of sadness to walk across fields from the Pink Cottage to his well-remembered homestead and find no welcome from him who ever made us happy visitors at his hospitable hearth and table. I often think over the memorable past, and wonder what I should have done in those days of poverty and trial had not this tried friend and trusty church officer upheld my hands. I think he was as unselfish a character as I ever knew. And so quiet and unassuming withal. Dear Jim! I loved you truly in life; and I will remember you with changeless affection dead; and it will be one of the many special joys of the blessed heaven to which you have preceded me, that I shall meet you there again in the glory of a fellowship, far beyond even the pleasant communion of earth. And those you have left behind shall be doubly dear henceforth, because they are your dear ones.

How do I like 'San Francisco? Very much indeed! Let me jot down a few first impressions before they grow so familiar that I will forget to notice them:

I will tell you what first impressed me on landing. It was the charming courtesy with which every one I addressed tried to give me the fullest information on every subject concerning which my knowledge was defective. I suppose I asked 20 different men 20 different questions in my deplorable ignorance of nearly everything; and to their lasting honor be it said, no one of the 20 gave a gruff or uncivil answer; but on the contrary, every one of the 20 seemed honestly anxious to aid me as much as possible and smooth the way for my unpracticed feet. To one who had been secretly chafing at the reticence of honest John Bull for three years, this was a genuine treat. Perhaps J. B. in nothing appears to so great a disadvantage as when you want to get information of any kind from him. At best he is not a communicative person, and he seems to resent an inquisitive approach of any kind—even the most innocent—as unwarranted intrusion upon his privacy. But whatever the reason, he who approaches an Englishman with a question meets with some sort of a rebuff in look, tone or actual word. The very same person, when it comes to helping you out of a scrape, or fighting for you, would do it most pluckily and stick to you till the last. Then perhaps growl at you again. The fact is J. B. is a standing enigma to me yet. I admire him greatly. At times I detect him heartily. And then again he inspires me with an affection for which I can not render a reason.

The second vivid impression of this New York of the Pacific was centered in the amazing working of the cable cars that Britons will call "trams" and we will not. These radiating lines of 5 cent accommodation for pleasantness of motion, fleetness, comfortable seats, polite conductors, and last, not least, astounding distances of transportation for the trifling "nickel" you pay for it—exceed any form of locomotion through city streets that I am acquainted with. The system is reduced to a science here as no where else. The grades, over hill after hill, in working out to the farthest suburbs, lock sometimes at an angle of 45 degrees, but going up or descending everything is under the most perfect control. The San Franciscans boast that no accident has ever marred this most successful invention for making street travel not only tolerable but delightful. The lines, with one exception, begin from the Oakland ferry, and radiate like the ribs of a fan, covering the area of the entire city. One cross line, far up, runs east and west, but horse-cars do the "cross-cut" business for the most part. It is one of the best cities to get easily and cheaply anywhere you want to go in the "round world."

The third thing that astounded me was to see so great a city built of wood. In the business portion of the city you will find block after block of elegant stone structures of modern growth; still alternating with the flimsy buildings of years long gone, that have not yet burned down. By and by all will be solid. But once get away from the flat, where business centres around the wharves and mount the hills that lie back, on every side then the stone or brick building is the exception and not the rule. Pretty wrought, architecturally, imposing often; but wood, wood, wood, in endless vistas of dwelling houses. Here and there a lofty stone edifice towers, like the mansion of Flood, the millionaire. But the brown stone of which it is built is brought from Connecticut. One and there and transported by rail! Can you believe that? It is even so. Fancy having to go 3,500 miles across a continent for building stone! San Francisco is a wonderful place for bow windows. The famous Palace Hotel, the biggest in the world, is just a whole block of fluted stories, mounting to 7 or 8, if I remember aright. Outside, it is just a series of columns of bow windows, that are not so pleasing to the eye as some styles of architecture I have seen, though for internal comfort I should think them most admirable. And this style has become so common here as to be characteristic of the city, and noticeable at once by a new comer. It might fairly be classified as the Pacific order of architecture.

We have landed in the midst of strikes and strikers. The iron workers and the cigar makers are just now on the rampage. Last week the cooks and waiters struck, and we had quite a time, with many other hungry ones, roaming around in search of a dinner. Happily the thing cured itself in less than 24 hours and the cooks gained the day. A city full can't afford to go hungry for long, while employers and employees are squabbling. For a few hours I think this strike was a subject of profound or general interest while it lasted than a revolt upon any other grievance in the whole calendar of human wrongs. What a touchstone for weal or woe the stomach is! How all-embracing is the gastric argument! Principle is a fine thing to argue about over apples and nuts. But the average man will say when right hungry, "Oh, bother your principle, I want my dinner!"

The eating-rooms are many, moderate in price and admirably well-kept. We fare well and cheaply at one called the Model Dining-Room. It deserves its name far more than the average restaurant.

I send you the newspaper reports of our first meeting in the Metropolitan Temple last night. My sudden exaltation to high military rank has not turned my head. If you will reprint the notice in the *Examiner* your readers will understand the allusion and the reporter's illusion. The meeting was fully up to if not beyond our expectations. Praise the LORD! We are to have another to night, which will be the week-night test.

The Hall is a noble one—seating 1,500. We met several Kentuckians after service. We all lunched at the Baldwin Hotel to-day with Dr. Chas. Fox and his good wife. He is from old Garrard and came to the Pacific coast many years ago. Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.

Adventures and Congressmen.
As a rule—nine times out of ten nearly—men are the aggressors in intrigue with women, but in Washington the case is reversed. Here women adventurers of all sorts pursue their prey until they catch them or run them to earth. They let no guilty man escape. The harvest is great and the laborers are many. Congressmen are the shining marks of the siren's song. Often they throw themselves in the way of temptation and are as potter's clay in the clasp of the Cyprians, but frequently they are hunted down. Congressmen have certainly so much—\$5,000 per annum—ready cash, and what are a few hundred dollars dumped in the whirligig of national dalliance to see the wheels go round? Men who in their staid, providential communities walked a chalked line all their lives, relax and become libertines and wine-bibbers under the seductive influence of the Capital. The members are courted for their influence in getting people into office and in putting jobs through, in which the lobby luxuriates. Often have courtesans determined the fate of a close vote by making men vote as they directed, or by keeping them away from roll call.

Speaking of these female snares reminds me that a Kentucky Congressman was followed home by one of these inveigling hand-painted harlots of the temple a few years ago and almost ruined financially and politically. She landed in the town not long after he returned to his constituents, and sending for him from the hotel, she made him put big money in her silken purse before she would give him a receipt and retire. He put up the "ante" promptly, but it got out and cast a gloom over the entire community in the midst of which sat the saddened statesman like the old war horse among the ruins of Carthage. Another Kentuckian, now out of the delegation, but cropping and chewing the blue-grass end of political patronage in the grand old Commonwealth, got caught in a snare here with a soft-eyed houri and was driven with some friends one night across one of the streams that flank the capital to see about the sequel which has come to light in many stories. He was of a contrite spirit and enlisted the sympathy of his friends, for some of them thought there were in all likelihood another stockholder or two in the concern and he was left with the bag to hold.

Without transcending the truth I can say that Kentucky will probably never have a "straighter" delegation than she sends now. Taking the general average they stand exceedingly well in the community in which they reside, and newspaper men can afford to associate with them. There is not a State in the constellation of thirty eight that can boast of a better behaved lot of boys, taking them all in all. I don't mean to say that the millennium has struck them, but I am sipping 'em up in a lump and leaving out the weak flesh spots.

[Charles Eustis Kinsaid.]
A Connecticut peddler who has been selling clocks "like hot cakes" in Kentucky, the terms being \$2 down and the buyer's own time for the remaining \$3, explained to an Eastern drummer that he had a profit of a dollar apiece out of the first payment, and the ruin of business was to be explained by the fact that the purchasers thought they were each besting him out of \$3.—[Cleveland Leader.]

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Sore Throat, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Calluses, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and is positively cure Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

—Times and trade are dull. Farmers creaking over continued rainy weather. Just returned from Carpenter's Creek, in Casey county. Corn is getting weedy there. If the rain continues, there are gloomy apprehensions of the fate of small grain.

—Miss Florence Richards has been employed to teach the school in district No. 14 W. F. Richards, after spending several months at the Commercial College of Kentucky University, returned home a few days since, with a diploma and highest honors of the institution. Mrs. T. H. Coleman and two children returned to her home at Stamping Ground a few days since.

—George G. Inyart, reported low with consumption last week, left this section and visited J. W. Wilcher's, at Middleburg, hoping the short ride and fresh air would be beneficial to him. While sitting at the table eating on Monday he complained to Mrs. Wilcher that he felt curious and was getting blind. Mrs. Wilcher called to a neighbor for assistance, but by the time he was gotten on a bed life was found to be extinct. Young Inyart was a well-respected and industrious young man. He was buried at the old Basin graveyard Tuesday.

—People of this section have been deeply interested in the growing scarcity of fish above the mill dams for years past. Last winter a petition was gotten up, numerous signatures and sent to our representative, Mr. Bobbitt, requesting him to present a bill to have an act passed providing a way for them to get around or over the dams. Some kind of an act was passed by the legislative body allowing the fishes the privilege if they saw proper to come above the dams. There was no law prohibiting them from coming up before. Now what we want to know from Mr. Bobbitt is this: What kind of provision is made for building these passways; who is to build them and how, and what penalty is attached for failure to conform to the law? We hope our representative will rise and explain.

Meteorologists have found that there can be no thunder and lightning without rain. When thunder is heard beneath a clear sky the reports must either come from a distant cloud or be the result of some other cause than a discharge of electricity. Harvest or heat lightning is produced by a distant storm. Thunder seldom accompanies heat lightning, the sound reaching only about twelve miles, while lightning is often seen by reflection upon nearer clouds at a much greater distance.

After nineteen years of agitation, the eight-hour movement is pronounced a failure, not only by those who have carefully and impartially watched its movements, but among those who formerly were its most enthusiastic advocates. It has been fought out systematically, squarely, at the loss, as we predicted five months ago, of almost the entire work of what promised to be one of the most prosperous years this country has seen.—[Inland Architect and Builder.]

Newspaper men are always looking for new ideas to create a sensation with. Editor Coughlin, of Watertown, (N. Y.) Times has been bitten by a mad dog and declines to go to Paris to be treated by M. Pasteur. His newspaper will, if he is attacked by hydrophobia, publish the progress of the disease each day while the editor lasts. This will be quite a feat on his contemporaries, but it comes high.

A Chicago lawyer in a late divorce suit where the age of the lady became a question, declared that a woman had no more right to conceal her age than a horse dealer to conceal that of an animal he offers for sale. A strict regard for our reputation for candor compels us to agree. When a man contracts for spring chicken that's what he ought to have.—[New Argus.]

Flowers may be preserved for many months by dipping them carefully, as soon as gathered, in perfect limpid gum water; after allowing them to drain for two or three minutes, arrange them in a vase. The gum forms a complete coating on the stems and petals, and preserves their shape and color long after they have become dry.

Ease in conversation comes mainly from self-confidence and self-esteem. Consider yourself a panther, an all-knowing one; cultivate the idea that other people are very silly, and all your doubt and hesitation will disappear. You will talk as freely and to as little purpose as those whom you now envy.

Sleeping cars with bath rooms are the latest improvements. Now tired and dusty travelers who cross the continent will be able for fifty cents to take a thorough wash at any time during the journey. These cars also have buffets, smoking rooms and all other latest sleeping car improvements which tend to make long distance journeys comfortable and enjoyable.

I want to say that if I had as much money as some of you old Methodists have, and didn't give more to the church than you do, the devil will get me just as sure as my name is Sam Jones, and he'll get you too—don't you forget that.—[Sam Jones.]

CATARH cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50c. No return fee. For sale by M. L. Bourne.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth. For sale at M. L. Bourne's.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. For sale at M. L. Bourne's.

MT. SALEM, LINCOLN COUNTY.

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Bank Stock!

I will sell at public auction at Stanford on Monday, July 5th, County Court day, FIVE SHARES HUSTONVILLE BANK STOCK. 137-24
H. T. RUSH.

DR. W. B. PENNY, Dentist, STANFORD, KY.
Office on Lancaster street, next door to Isaacson Jewry's office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary. [154-177.]

G. B. HARRIS, Ag't

Wm. Deering & Co.'s Mowers, Binders and Reapers, Crab Orchard, - - Kentucky. 114-4m

Kirkville Fair!

We will hold our annual Fair on the 23d and 24th of July, —AT THE— Burnham Woods Grove,

Where it was held last year. For A LIST OF PREMIUMS, &C., Write for circulars.

J. P. ENBEE, President. J. B. WALKER, Secretary. 127-1d

BOURNE!

The editor is heart-broken to announce to his readers that Non D. Plume, who wrote Dr. Bourne's funny advertisements, is dead. The large monies paid him for writing this column brought on softening of the brain and he died of too much smartness.

Dr. Bourne is determined, however, to give his customers the benefit of this large salary in prices. Besides selling

Medicines, Fancy Articles, Toilet Goods, Music Merchandise, Spectacles, Instruments, Jewelry, Dolls, Lemps, Fishing Tackle, Bait, Spoons, Knives, Paper, Blank Books, States, Ammunition, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Mixed Paints, Brushes, Varnishes—

Everything kept in a first-class Drug Store, all of which is new, fresh and superior, he has on hand a *dozen Bachelors*, and will furnish any good looking lady who deals with him with choice of the lot. Watch this column for list of names, or call at

Bourne's New Drug and Book Store.

A Big Offer!

To any person remitting us

THREE DOLLARS

We will send the

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

And the New York World one year and a

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Express paid, bound in leatherette tree calf, gilt, of 826 pages and containing 22 fine engravings. It is the most comprehensive work of the kind published, besides being history in the ordinary sense; it is a condensed newspaper file for 400 years. We reserve the right to withdraw this offer without notice, so remit at once.

W. P. WALTON, Stanford, Ky.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884. For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill. EDWIN HARPER."

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

O. & M.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

The direct through line and old established route from

Louisville & Cincinnati to St. Louis and all points in the West.

Two (2) Daily Trains from Louisville to St. Louis

Three (3) Daily Trains from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

Only 10 hours from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The Only Line by which you can get a Through Sleeping Car

From Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The O. & M. is the only line running through from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis, all other routes being made up of a combination of small roads.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway runs Palatial Sleeping Cars on night trains; Luxurious Parlor Cars on day trains; Elegant Day Coaches on all trains.

Direct and close connections are made in UNION DEPOTS with diverging lines by the O. & M. Railway, thus avoiding troublesome transfers by other routes.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the only line between Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis under one management, running all its trains through solid and in consequence is recognized First-Class Road to be known name cities.

Apply to ticket Agents of connecting lines for full particulars as to rates, time, maps, circulars or any desired information, or write to

ROBT. H. FORMAN, Trav. Pass. Ag't O. & M. Ry., Somerset, Ky. W. M. FEABODY, W. B. SHATTUCK, Pres. and Gen'l Man'gr, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Cincinnati, O.

JAMES B. MCCREARY

Is a Candidate for re-election to Congress, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

H. K. TAYLOR,

Of LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate of the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

THOMAS Z. MORROW,

Of Pulaski county, is the Republican candidate for Judge in the 5th Judicial District.

WILLIAM HERNDON,

Of Lancaster, is the Republican candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney in the 5th Judicial District. Election August 2d.

NEWCOMB HOTEL

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the travelling public.

M. F. NEWCOMB, Prop'r, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

One Cent Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customers require.

122-1f R. E. BARROW.

Sale of Land, Stock & Crop.

I will offer at public sale at the highest bidder on Thursday, July 15th, 1886, my Farm of 66 Acres, situated near the Danville pike, in Lincoln county, 5 miles from Stanford and on the county road leading from the Danville to the Lancaster pike. The land is in a good state of cultivation, fencing excellent, spacious barn and sheds. My house burned down recently but another pattern is on the ground ready for building. The outbuildings are good. The place is well watered and there is a splendid orchard. Will also offer for sale all kinds of farming implements and machinery, horses and cattle, hogs, household and kitchen furniture. Terms made known on day of sale. (123-4f) J. T. LAND, Stanford.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY

Kentucky's Route East

Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

The only line running

PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

—AND—

A SOLID TRAIN

—FROM—

Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington, Ky.

to Washington City.

Connecting in the same depot with

Fast Trains for New York.

—The Direct Route to—

Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk and all Virginia and North Carolina Points.

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office or address W. W. Monroe, General Agent, Lexington, Ky.

W. C. WICKHAM, H. W. FULLER, 2d Vice President, Gen'l Pass'g Ag't, Richmond, Virginia.

PIANOS!

Concert Grand,

Parlor Grand,

Baby Grand,

Upright Grand,

Square Grand.

We are opening the most carefully selected, the finest and best stock of

EVERYBODY seems to love and respect a man who after having submitted his claims for a nomination to any specified method, yields to that arbitration in a manly manner, even though he may think the fair thing has not been done by him. It is the case in that of our defeated townsman and just now especially so with Judge Hazelrigg, who is receiving as many encomiums for withdrawing from a bolt and pledging his support to his late opponent, as he had previously received condemnations. There is always a mean feeling towards a bolter whether he be the candidate himself or his most ardent supporter and the fact that a man has ever scratched a ticket or bolted a nomination, is asiduously worked against him whenever he becomes a candidate for any office in the gift of the party to which he owes allegiance. Such action is necessary for party organization and success, and the triumph of the party ought always to be paramount to the victory of any individual favorite. A democrat is always preferable to a republican and we hope and believe every true democrat will realize this when he comes to vote in August.

JUDGE HAZELRIGG, who announced himself a candidate for common pleas judge in the Richmond district, after being beaten in a primary by Mr. Scott, has very sensibly withdrawn and promised not only his own support but that of his friends to the nominee. It is mighty hard for a good democrat to go back on a nomination, no matter if he does believe that fraudulent means were resorted to in securing it. None of the means yet devised are absolutely fair, or so that unscrupulous men can not take advantage. Those who go in to conventions or primaries know that both sides are ready to resort to any questionable means to secure the nomination of their favorite, and when both do as is usually the case, and the friends of one are a little more unscrupulous than the other and out-general them in a fight for advantage, and beat them at their own game, as it were, they should surrender and accept the result without murmuring.

BECAUSE Senators Logan and Everts voted against investigating the bribery alleged in Senator Payne's election, Halstead, the Cincinnati fire eater, has read them out of presidential probabilities. Says he: Republican candidates for the presidency are not so numerous as they were two years and two months ago. Ex-President Arthur is a sick man, and sick or well has no political future. Senator Edmunds may secure his re-election to the Senate, but that is the utmost that can ever happen to him. Senator Everts seemed for a time a promising figure, and so did Senator Logan; but the two, since their vote for the coal-oil crowd of Ohio, have passed away, and if republicans should look into Illinois for a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, they are likely to take a note, first of all, of Gov. Oglesby. Logan and Everts have not only sinned, but they have stumbled and fallen.

It is announced that the reason Hon. Charles D. Jacob was recalled from Bogota, where he was serving the government as minister, was to explain a fight that he had with Dr. King, secretary of the legation. From all that can be learned the minister did right in giving the insolent fellow the pummeling that he did, though perhaps it was not exactly *au fait* for officials representing this great government in a foreign land to settle their difficulties with a fistuff. Jacob is a fighter from away back and as he has cleaned out a mayor and a secretary all in one year, the Louisville Times very naturally infers that he has come home to do John Sullivan up.

THE chairman of the State Prohibition Executive Committee has issued an address in which he earnestly calls upon his alleged party to put candidates in the field for county and Congressional offices by the 15th of July and contend for every inch of ground from now on. By this it would seem that the offices are the consideration, to which the question of voting out the accursed traffic is a secondary and very small matter. The Lincoln county prohibitionists show their sense by reversing this order of things. They want to see the whisky go no matter who get the offices.

CAMPBELL county, the home of Thos. L. Jones, has endorsed Hon. A. S. Berry for governor. In other words, they ignored an elegant gentleman and a life long, true and tried democrat, to bolster up a time-serving demagogue, who stands about as much chance for being nominated governor as he does for President.

THE Louisville Commercial is independent only between election. When an office is to be filled it is for a republican every time.

Prohibition went into effect at Atlanta yesterday.

Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina, has been appointed assistant secretary of the Treasury.

The democratic State convention of Arkansas nominated for governor S. P. Hughes and a full State ticket.

J. A. S. Wilson, secretary and treasurer of the Chesapeake & Delaware Company, is a defaulter for more than a half million dollars.

Gen. Jas. A. Beaver was unanimously nominated for governor of Pennsylvania by the republican State convention at Harrisburg yesterday. The platform is red-hot protection.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The public debt reduction for June will be about ten millions.

Forty years ago last Friday the first game of base ball was played in the United States.

Mr. Henry H. Skiles, of Warren, has announced himself a candidate for Congress in the Third District.

The Niehaus statue of Gen. Garfield is to be placed at the intersection of Eighth and Race streets, Cincinnati.

The Knights of Honor celebration at Louisville was an imposing affair, more than 4,000 Knights participating.

A. M. Bowling, the Rowan county murderer, has at last been landed in the Penitentiary to serve a term of 21 years.

The Castleman Artillery at Lexington has disbanded because of alleged bad treatment by the adjutant general of its captain.

The Senate has passed over the President's veto by a vote of 34 to 15, the bill to quit the titles of settlers on the Des Moines river lands.

It is said that at a meeting in Washington of the Kentucky Congressmen it was agreed to boom Mr. Carlisle for the presidency.

Malcom May, of Garrard, is in jail at Richmond for burglary committed in 1882. He is also wanted in Washington county for horse stealing.

It is said that a cow bitten by a mad dog at Hebron, Ky., not only had the rabies herself, but communicated it to a baby that had been lying on her milk.

Ashley LaSalle, a tramp printer, who set up a job printing office at Paris, has decamped after marrying a pretty girl and getting all the cash and credit he could.

Mr. Morrison says that Mr. Randall's tariff bill will increase custom receipts more than \$5,000,000, and decrease internal revenue receipts at least \$36,000,000.

Capt. Payton, Commonwealth's Attorney in the Glasgow District, had a fuss with his hired man, Phil Huff, and they exchanged nine shots. Neither got a scratch.

Free Taulbee's man Smith, W. E., has resigned his position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to become Solicitor of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad at St. Paul.

Senator Beck introduced a bill to authorize the Postmaster General to appoint and remove third-class postmasters, who are now appointed and removed by the President.

The Senate Committee has reduced in River and Harbor Bill the appropriation for Kentucky River \$150,000; Cumberland, \$50,000; Muscle Shoals, Tennessee River, \$100,000.

The primaries of the Georgia Democratic State Convention that have been held give to Gen. Gordon 114 votes and to Maj. Bacon 60 votes. There is little doubt of Gordon's nomination.

At the election held Monday in Washington Territory, prohibition was defeated by a majority of 1,030. All the large towns, except Laconner, Chehalis and Centralia, gave majorities against it.

With the present adjournment, Judge Hines retires from the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Appeals, and at its meeting in September next Judge Pryor will, for the second time, become Chief Justice.

John A. Brown, one of the most desperate of Georgia's moonshiners, has been killed by a party of revenue officials. He had served a term of two years in the Albany (N. Y.) penitentiary for moonshining.

The Lake Shore railroad strike at Chicago appears to be at an end, owing to the persuasive eloquence of Winchester rifles and Pinkerton's police, a very proper way to end one so outrageous in its conception.

At Windsor, N. C., Jas. N. Basemore and his son, Stone Basemore, quarreled, as the result of which the son fired both barrels of a shotgun, loaded with buckshot, at his father, inflicting wounds from which he will die. The murderer broke open a safe, took \$800, and fled.

Samuel Thomas was elected President of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia; Henry Fink, Vice-President and Controller of Traffic; James G. Mitchell, Secretary and Treasurer. No changes will be made in any of the departments. The headquarters of the company will still remain in Knoxville.

A statement of the effect of the Randall tariff bill upon the revenue has been prepared, which shows the reduction resulting from the internal revenue provisions to be about \$26,000,000, from additions to the free list about \$1,500,000, and from reduction of rates \$7,000,000. Total about \$35,000,000.—[Ex.]

Senator Riddleberger has introduced a bill that provides that the United States buy all the railroads, telegraph lines and telephones in the country and operate them in the interest of the people, at the lowest rate that will keep the properties in repair and pay salaries and wages. The bill appropriates \$400,000,000 to begin operations upon.

Mr. John W. Yerkes, candidate for Judge of the Superior Court, is a partisan republican, named for the position which he seeks by the State Central Committee of the republican party. He is as much the republican nominee as Mr. Barbour is the democratic nominee and no jugglery of words or facts can deceive anybody.—[Louisville Times.]

Rev. Robert Quarles, a colored minister of the Baptist church at this place, has skipped out, having been charged with an attempt to rape a thirteen-year-old daughter of a brother of the same church, Rev. D. W. Seals. Quarles was expelled from the church Sunday. He leaves a wife and two children behind.—[Georgetown Times.]

A meeting of all the music teachers of the State of Kentucky will be held at Lexington August 4, 5 and 6. The best teachers of the State have promised to attend, and will deliver essays, discussions and concerts. All the railroads will furnish return tickets at one-third the regular rates. The Phoenix Hotel at Lexington will be headquarters for the association. All teachers intending to attend will please notify the secretary pro tem, Mr. L. H. Neal, at Lexington.

A Washington paper published the number of bills introduced by each member this session. The number runs from 1 to 105. Thirty would probably be the average of the Kentucky delegation. Halstead introduced 98, Taulbee 78, McCreary 70, Willis 68, Breckinridge 58, Laffoon 58, Robertson 45, Stone 41, Wadsworth 22, Wolford 16, Carlisle none. The total number of bills introduced since the session opened is 99,542. Already 3,108 bills have been considered by the committee and reported to the House. In both sessions of the Forty-eighth Congress only 2,696 were acted upon.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

A Base Ball club has been organized. Some of the surrounding towns may expect a challenge soon.

J. G. Livingston is conducting a very interesting meeting at Gum Sulphur. The additions to the church up to yesterday were 17.

Dee Albright, formerly of this county, but now a resident of Barbourville, is to marry Miss Annie Castello, of that place, the 6th of July.

Mr. W. A. Hoskins, of Boyle county, procured license yesterday to marry Miss Pattie Woodall, of Brodhead. She has been badly afflicted for a number of years; she has to use crutches to assist her in walking.

The trial of Jeff and George Huff and W. H. Albright, for ku-kluxing, was called Tuesday. They waived an examination and were held over till circuit court in a bond of \$500 each. They gave the required bond.

The names of the teachers who obtained four years certificates at the examination are: Will Cress, Sam Lewis, Miss Staples and Miss Towney. The three latter were pupils of Miss Alma Carson, principal of the Brodhead Academy.

William Williams, of Round Stone, has announced himself a candidate for sheriff of the county on the democratic ticket. The democrats of the county will not support Mr. Williams, as he was persuaded to run by the nominee of the republican party for sheriff. Then he has not the qualifications to fill the office. It is thought doubtful if he was elected about his giving bond.

Logan McKee, of Danville, was in town Monday. Frank Myers and family, of Williamsburg, are visiting relatives here. Mrs. Mary Conn, of Brodhead, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Brown, at this place. Mrs. S. W. Parrie has returned from a visit to Kirksville. Misses Delta Hartick and Sallie Whitehead have returned from a visit to Miss Ella Ramsey, Stanford. Miss Ida Adams has returned from Louisville, where she has been visiting friends. She brought Huber Turner back with her.

A larger crowd was in town Monday than there has been for a long time. Most all I suppose came to hear the speeches of the candidates for Circuit Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney. Speaking begun promptly at 1 o'clock and continued till 4 o'clock. I did not hear the speeches, but the information I gather is, the speeches made no change in the minds of the voters. All had made up their minds whom they were going to vote for. The speeches of Alcorn, Morrow and Warren were highly complemented. Most all democrats and republicans seem to think Herndon is a very good man, but can not make a speech. Alcorn and Warren will make a good race in this county.

Masked men visited the house of Joe Ramsey, who lived near Mt. Vernon, a few nights since, and after seriously beating both Ramsey and his wife, the brutal regulars commanded them to leave the county. Ramsey tried to sell his property so that he could get away, but failing to find a purchaser he went and hanged himself and was found almost eaten up by the hogs, his body having pulled away from his head and fallen to the ground. At the time of the beating his son was lying in the bed, but was afraid to move, with a man standing close by him all the time with a gun. Mr. Ramsey was sick at the time, and had been since last fall. He was in town next morning, but did not tell it. He only stayed a short time and went back home. His family said he seemed to be scared and they couldn't get him to sleep in the house. They carried bed clothes to a cliff near by and he slept there Saturday night and Sunday night. On Monday evening he told his family he was going to a neighbor's close by and stay all night and next morning—Tuesday—he would start to his brother's in Tennessee, and told his son to meet him in Mt. Vernon. He was never seen by anybody after that. His family looked around and inquired for him, but could hear nothing of him and came to the conclusion he had gone on to Tennessee on foot. There is a great deal of excitement through the county about it. Some think there was foul play; that he did not hang himself, that some one else did it. There have been men seen in the woods near by that hid behind trees before they could be recognized. Then his hands and feet were tied together, but not very closely. Even if he did hang himself the men who whipped him are just as guilty as they had done it, for they were indirectly the cause of it. They had nothing to whip him for, as everybody who knew him says he was an honest and inoffensive man. They all say they recognized one of the crowd as being Tom Hays. A writ has

been sworn out by Joe Ramsey's wife for Hays. He was tried before Judge Lear and held over till circuit court in a bond of \$300. It was just two weeks from the time he left home till he was found. He was hung with white walnut bark. The hogs and worms had devoured his body.

A Transcontinental Balloon Voyage.

The largest balloon in the world has recently been built in San Francisco by Mr. A. P. Van Tassel. It has a capacity of 150,000 cubic feet of gas and has been constructed for the special purpose of enabling the well-known aeronaut to undertake a journey across the continent, from ocean to ocean. The height from the floor of the wicker car to the top of the gas reservoir is 119, and of the dilated reservoir alone 68 feet. The envelope is made of finely woven cloth, manufactured expressly for the purpose and is varnished, as usual, to make it gas tight. The car has accommodations for 15 persons. It is about 21 feet in circumference and the sides are 34 inches high. The supporting ropes are kept in place by the usual "concentrics." Hydrogen gas will be used for inflating the balloon. The cost of the structure is stated to be \$6,000. Mr. Van Tassel has had considerable experience in aerial traveling, having crossed the Wichita Mountains, 15,000 feet above sea level. His present attempt is more ambitious than any that he has yet made. A careful study of the serial currents leads him to believe that by seeking the proper stratum of air he can be carried eastward at a high rate of speed, possibly 100 miles an hour. The greatest difficulty will probably be due to the Rocky Mountains, which modify the movements of the air currents over a large area of the continent. It is expected that the voyage will be begun some time about the 1st of July. Should it survive the trip the giant balloon will be taken back to San Francisco, where it will be placed on exhibition.

There was a social gathering at the Yenger mansion. The crowd was pretty jolly. They were playing the game of forfeits with kisses as forfeits. The question arose whether kissing was in the nature of pleasure or work. An old bachelor maintained that it was in the nature of work. At last it was decided to call up Sam Johnson, the colored servant, and have him decide the question.

"Is kissing pleasure or work, Sam?" asked Mrs. Yenger.

"I believe it must be a pleasure, for if hit was work you all would be spectin' me to do hit for you," responded the darkey.—[Texas Siftings.]

"I am far away from any town out here," said the General, "and I do not hear from the outside world, save through the newspapers. I have been reading the letters of Gov. Knott and Judge Durham with considerable interest. I really think that Gov. Knott's administration has received too much abuse. He has been chiefly blamed for allowing convicts to be worked in the coal mines. This was not his fault. The Legislature made the law and ordered Gov. Knott to execute it. Gov. Knott is a man of ability, and I think that as Governor he has done well."—[Interview with Gen. Buckner.]

The powers of a Cuban pony are remarkable. He will make from 60 to 80 miles a day in a continuous jog or half rack, so easy to the rider that a glass of water can be carried in the hand all that distance and not a drop spilled. For rest the Cuban pony never halts to walk. He simply changes from his swift gait into what is here called a march, which is much more rapid than the walk of the fastest American horse. He is absolutely "proof to fatigue, of diet spare and slight," and he is the truest, most patient little animal in the whole world, whether his owner is man or brute.—[Chicago News.]

Beef is never seen on the Chinese table, oxen and cows capable of working the plow being accounted too valuable to the farmer to be consigned to the butcher. Very severe penalties are attached to the slaughter of these animals. The punishment for the first offence is 100 strokes with a bamboo, and then two months in the wooden collar. Should love of beef or desire of gain induce a repetition of the crime, a second judicial flogging is followed by exile for life from the province.

About 25 years ago a woman came to Clay county and began farming. She has prospered very fast; improved her land and has built the best barns and finest houses in the county; handles about 75 head of big cattle every year and is now supposed to be worth \$20,000. People have always had doubt about her being a woman and lately the secret has been divulged by a young girl having her arrested for bastardy. So the world wags.—[Richmond Herald.]

The Texas Court of Appeals has decided that engine-killing is not an offense under the laws of the State, the men who made the laws not knowing anything about such a misdemeanor when they fixed the code. Horse stealing was the only crime that Texas recognized originally, but of late murder has been frowned upon some.—[Chicago Herald.]

Several wild horses have been captured in Roop county, Cal., where they have been roaming for years. Among them was a magnificent stallion that for eight years had defied the efforts of the most skillful vaqueros. The horses are the descendants of some fine stock belonging to a former owner of the range.

One of the most humiliating experiences in a man's life is to sit in a dentist's chair and have him bore up six or eight inches into the head without noticeably interfering with the brain, which was supposed to fill the upper story.

The Internal Revenue collections in the Seventh district for the month of June amount to \$213,174.59.

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A BRIDE'S ELOPEMENT.

The wedding went off beautifully. There were triumphant arches, rejoicing tenantry, and school children scattering flowers. The bride looked as charming as sweet seventeen can look when it tries its best, and considering that she, so to speak, stepped out of the school-room into the church, carried herself with commendable self-possession. As for the bridegroom, he went through the ordeal like a soldier and a man, and looked, according to the doctor's daughter, "heavenly." Not the least satisfied member of the wedding party was the bride's brother, Joey. "The girls must look slippy after husbands in these hard times," he had been that young man's remark a year before. Spurred on by parental murmurings at empty farms and no rents, Joey had suggested a reduction in the home establishment instead of his substantial but inadequate allowance. The establishment did not quite suit it. But Joey was firm. The girls must marry, and one of them, as all could not, must marry Geoffrey Fitzjohnson. He was in every way eligible: young, good-looking, well-off, in a snug berth at the war office, and heir to several rich and sedate relations, unlikely to commit the indiscretions, matrimonial and otherwise, of modern old age. So Capt. Fitzjohnson was asked down to Mumblethorpe, passed over five charming aspirants to his hand and heart, and threw the handkerchief to the shock-headed young person who sent a pot of must within an inch of his devoted head, craning out of the school-room window, on the evening of his arrival to catch a glimpse of "Joey's chum." It was rather a blow to Joey, his "chum" walking off with his favorite sister, but he bore it philosophically. He had always intended to exercise a particular care over Florence's interests when she came out and he was not prepared for the young lady going off so prematurely. However, as the Fitzjohnsons would live in London, and as Joey was at the foreign office and in rooms in Bury street, he could still keep an eye on his sister and see that she held her own in the "smart set" of which her husband was so popular a member. Joey was ten years older than Florence, and had the majestic carriage and law-giving proclivities of a man about town. He was what is known as "a great instigator," which means that he was invaluable in a snow-bound country-house. He could tell first-rate and first-hand ghost stories, and could pass the severest examination in Debreit. He was a pillar of strength in private theatricals, and could imitate the divine Sarah to the life. He knew all the latest gossip and could tell it without seeming ill-natured. In short, Joey was that rare avis, a social success.

A happier couple than the Fitzjohnsons when they first came to Curzon street could not be imagined. It was only when Capt. Fitzjohnson settled down in his new house and his old set that he made the discovery that he had won his wife's heart as well as her hand. During the courtship and honeymoon the disposition of that important factor in matrimonial happiness had been doubtful. Florrie teased, chafed, and combed her husband in a way that to such a conquering hero was both novel and provoking. Capt. Fitzjohnson had, however, learned strategy elsewhere than at Woolwich. The morning after the arrival in London the wily young man left his wife in her boudoir—the latest thing in boudoirs, executed under Joey's supervision—wondering dizzily how she should kill the time until 8 o'clock in the evening, when she would be back to her room, and to her lord and master again. It was something more than to fetch a forgotten cigarette case that made Capt. Fitzjohnson retrace his steps on arriving at the foot of the stairs. His instinct had not deceived him. The fortress had capitulated.

"I love you so, Geoffrey," sobbed the poor little wife with her head on her husband's shoulder; and Geoffrey, as he stroked down the street, having promised to be back by luncheon time, hurried "Rule, Britannia" in triumphant sotto voce. The victory won, the victor, as he had a perfect right to do, rested upon his laurels; but he need not have given up so suddenly the reverential worship of the lover and assumed so instantly the condescending tolerance of the husband. It was unkind of him when he came home just in time to dress for dinner, after having been at the club all the afternoon, to plunge into that horrid French novel with a satisfied grunt, and barely vouchsafe his wife a word. It was downright rude of him when she leaned over his chair and stroked his hair to snarl out savagely, "For heaven's sake, Florrie, don't paw me about like that. I don't like it;" and it was positively brutal, after treating her in such a way, to scold her all dinner-time for being depressed. But that was the Fitzjohnson family air, pretty little vessel as it was, with its fresh paint and dainty furniture, had drifted into the current which, sooner or later, must land it upon the rocks. Geoffrey, blinded by selfish vanity, became bored with his wife's well-meant but ineffectual efforts to please her "much-changed lord." Her lavish affection, varied only by ill-concealed and sometimes fearful despondency, irritated him and made him more bearish than ever. It was the old story. Things went from bad to worse. At last the first crack loomed in the distance and shipwreck seemed imminent. Lady Angelica Lansell was, so she said, a very old friend of Geoffrey's. "I knew him, when he was quite a boy—such a nice boy," she told Florrie the afternoon she made her first call in Curzon street. She was a wonderful and Quixotic personage, of the Cleopatra type of beauty, lithe and serpentine, with a voice that could coo like a dove or hiss like a serpent at will. She used a peculiar kind of scent that hung about the room long after she had left it. She was mysteriously fascinating, and Florrie detected her. This was a great grievance of Geoffrey's, who was used to the pearl powder and impervious to the scent "Angelica" he called her Angelica "was a charming woman—a most valuable friend." Was it not common knowledge that cabinet ministers met as often in her rose-lit drawing-room as at Downing street—that she had a finger in every diplomatic pie—that her statesmanship had brought about a royal marriage and averted a European war? Even Joey admitted that she was an unavoidable necessity. Her smile or frown could make or mar a man. If the Fitzjohnsons ever hoped to be anything they must cultivate Angelica. So Florrie had to submit, but not even the husband she adored could make her more than decently civil to the enchantress with the cruel smile, who called Geoffrey "Geoff," and who was always sending him mysterious little notes about goodness only knew what, for Florrie was never told their contents.

"The silly little fool is jealous," laughed her ladyship to herself as she sat in a corner, aloof from the "madding crowd" of a foreign office crush, pretending to listen to Geoffrey's earnest conversation and watching, with interested amusement, his wife trying to keep an eye on her husband and, at the same time, respectfully to the civilities of a voluble attaché.

"I'll teach her a lesson," muttered the alien, with an angry glitter in her dusky eyes, as, for the twentieth time, a pale, distressed face, with appealing eyes, was turned toward the oblivious husband. As curiously when, for the thirteenth time, the

melancholy operation was repeated, the distress on the pale face gave place to horror, and the eyes were fixed and blank as they saw Lady Angelica, with her most entrancing smile, place her hand, for a moment, caressingly on Geoffrey's arm; only for a moment, because it was instantly grasped by both of his.

"My dear old girl! What is the matter? Are you seedy?" exclaimed Joey, as he plunged through the crowd to his sister's side.

"Come to-morrow, as soon as Geoffrey has gone, I want to talk to you," whispered Florrie, brokenly, as her brother deposited her safely at her own door.

Next morning brother and sister had a long confabulation, during which Joey tugged hard at his phantom mustache, and Florrie blew her nose very often. The result seemed hardly satisfactory, for Joey departed, remarking that it was the "very deuce," and Florrie sat looking into the fire until it went out in self-defense. However, the end of his long talk, filling his catch-box, and meekly receiving the orders for the day, she was playing a polka on the piano, and actually forgot to wish the great man good-bye. On and off during the day Geoffrey found himself pondering on the alteration in his wife. It was, of course, a bore to have her following him about looking like a whipped dog; but, after all, that was a fault on the right side, and showed that she appreciated her position as his wife. It was a sign of proper, if excessive, subjection; but to sit playing a polka when the hat brush was mislaid was an unbecoming dereliction of duty. Geoffrey returned home exactly half an hour earlier to administer a carefully prepared lecture to the culprit, only to find that she had gone to the Gaiety with Joey. The solitary dinner with no one to scold was a dismal experience, and Geoffrey felt distinctly aggrieved. Next day things were no better. Florrie was in tearing spirits, received the deferred lecture with ribald laughter, dismissed his theories of wifely duty as "hosh," and had the audacity to refer him to Lady Angelica, who, no doubt, was an authority on that subject as well as every other. Geoffrey was very moody all that day. The men at the club voted him slow, and Lady Angelica called him a bore to his face. It was very annoying, but he was obliged to admit to himself that his triumph over the subjugation of his wife had been a little premature. The process must be continued, and one great element in its final success was, he told himself with secret gloom, the fact that, unless she had suddenly and unaccountably altered, she loved him to distraction. As that evening he walked up Curzon street, it was this thought that made him prepared to be very gracious and as lenient as he consistently could toward any little excess of youthful spirits. A sharp struggle with the latch key was cut short by the butler opening the door to let a visitor in. The occurrence was late in the afternoon was strange, and the appearance of the visitor so singular that Geoffrey stared at the apparition in unfeigned surprise. His (for the visitor was a man) face was partially concealed by a slouch hat. What there was to be seen appeared to be of an olive hue and adorned with a sweeping black mustache. Linky locks hung in profusion down almost to his shoulders, and the rest of the body was concealed in a cloak that would have made the fortune of any melodrama. On the stage Mrs. Fitzjohnson's visitor would have been in his element. In Curzon street he apparently was not; for, with an oath—or at least some foreign exclamation that sounded to Geoffrey rather like "pickled onions"—he gave a swift glance at the astonished captain, ran down the steps, and disappeared in the gathering gloom.

"Who the dickens is that, Squares?" "The gentleman did not give his name, sir. He said as how Mrs. Fitzjohnson would know who he was, and I need not announce him." Squares spoke in a tone of respectful indignation at this outrage on the conveniences. Geoffrey kept his presence of mind.

"Oh, of course. I had forgotten. I had forgotten. What time did the gentleman come. (This was an after-thought while ascending the stairs.)

"At half-past four, sir."

"Half-past four! And it was now half-past seven."

"Did any one else call this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir; but after the gentleman came Mrs. Fitzjohnson told me to say 'Not at home' to any other visitors."

"If they did not wait to hear any more, but dashed into the drawing room. He half expected to find his wife the victim of an assassin's knife. On the contrary, she was at that eternal piano, playing a dreamy sonata of Rubinstein's. On his entering the room she half rose, but on seeing who it was she resumed her seat, exclaiming, 'Oh, it's only you!'

"Whom did you think it was? That Guy Fawkes back again? Who, may I ask, is he, and what was he here from half-past four till now for, to the exclusion of everybody else?"

Geoffrey was gradually working himself up into a passion. Florrie made no attempt to calm him, but smiled faintly and struck a few aggravating chords on the piano.

"If you really care to know, that 'Guy Fawkes,' as you are pleased to call him, is Count Spariatti, an old friend of my father's. He is an Italian, and when Joey came back from Dresden the count came with him to learn English. He was always at Mumblethorpe. Ah, me! (another plaintive chord) what happy days those were. And what fun we had! The count was my sweetheart then."

"Why, you were only 9 years old!"

"That's all!" another still more plaintive chord.

"Don't be a fool, Florrie. The passion had died out and the lecturing mood taken its place. 'You are now, and quite old enough to know that it is not proper to have men staying three hours tete-a-tete with you, and to tell the servants you are at home to no one else. Do you understand?'

"No, I don't; the blue eyes opened their widest. 'I thought it was the 'chic' thing to do. Of course at Mumblethorpe they were awfully shocked! But then they are so old-fashioned. They even have family prayers. But since I have been married I have gained experience. I have seen several 'charming women.' Lady Angelica for instance. Could you wish me to take a better model? Hence if any one notices my friendship with count Spariatti you can tell them that I knew him when he was 'quite a boy—such a nice boy.' I may even become so charming that I can make love in public—smile in the 'nice boy's' face, put my hand on his arm for him to clasp in his. Only this sort of thing requires practice, so you must not think it strange if I have a few private rehearsals when I am 'not at home' to the world at large."

"How dare you speak like this!"

"Oh, you don't know how much I dare

when I am put to it." But the defiant little laugh ended in a sob and the dauntless novice ran out of the room.

Geoffrey gnawed his mustache, fumed about the room, resisted, as unmanly, an impulse to run after his wife, his away her tears, and implore her to only be charming on the old Mumblethorpe lines, and finally decided to confine his troubles that very evening to Lady Angelica.

From that fair oracle he received but very cold comfort. "My dear Geoff, it serves you well right. You thought because she had given you all her heart you were warranted in neglecting her. So like a man. Mr. Lansell was just the same. Now she is consoling herself. Quite right. I had no idea she had so much sense. I admire her. Do you think she would dine with me on the fifteenth? By the bye, if the necessity should arise, let me recommend you my solicitors. They managed Mr. Lansell's and my affair beautifully. My husband's messages sound almost affectionate when they come to me through the senior partner. Heavens! Had it really come to this! Not married a year and solicitors on the tapis already! Lady Angelica gave a steady glance under her eyelashes at her downcast companion. She had a heart though no one suspected it. "Look here, Geoff. Be a man. Go home and tell your wife that you mean to turn over a new leaf, and not take all her devotion for granted, but try and earn it. Clear up the mystery of your 'hosh' and backs and wretched smiles. Explain to her that the tender little episode at the foreign office was only gratitude on your part for my having promised to speak to the duke about that staff appointment with which you wanted to surprise her, and fun on mine to make her jealous and see what stuff she was made of. Tell her I have repented in sackcloth and ashes and have sent you back to her with a flea in your ear, and the staff appointment in your pocket. Tell her that she is better off than I. If her husband has neglected her, he still loves her, while I—"

"God bless you, Angelica."

"Don't be silly. Now be off. Ah, Comte! Euchariste de vous voir. N'avez pas entendu des nouvelles?"

Geoffrey walked home under the stars, a happy man. He had been a brute and a fool, he told himself severely. It was lucky things were no worse. After all, if winning his wife's heart the second time was half as pleasant a process as the first, the penance for past neglect was a light one. It was striking 12 as he lo himself into the dark hall. The darkness was unusual; for Squares always left the gas burning for his master to put out. His foot on the lowest step, as if turned to stone. It was Florrie—and some one else—engaged in rapid, breathless conversation.

"Delay no longer—anima mia. He may be back at any moment."

"Oh, Luigi! I dare not. If we should meet him, he would kill you."

"Vieni! Vieni!"

Geoffrey staidied himself by the banister and watched. Then, shown by the surrounding darkness as a table vivant, there appeared on the landing his wife, hooded and cloaked, looking fearfully out into the dark abyss before her and clinging convulsively to the arm of the Italian—Count Spariatti. There was a yell, a shriek, and an oath as Geoffrey bounded up the stairs and seized the intruder by the cloak, just as he endeavored to retreat into the drawing room. The yell, the shriek, the oath, the English rendering of "Here's a go." The shriek found expression in "Luigi! Luigi!" and the oath was well, never mind what. The chase and struggle was desperate. The count, who had left his cloak in his assailant's hand, cleared ottomans and chairs with astounding agility. Mrs. Fitzjohnson's heroics had degenerated into hysterics, to judge from the peals of laughter with which she greeted the count's desperate efforts to escape. At last he was cornered, hissing and scratching like an enraged tomcat. "Oh, Geoffrey, be careful. His beautiful hair!" for the infuriated husband had hold of a handful of the Italian's matted locks. The warning came too late. There was a tug, a groan, and a head and behold, not only a handful, but a whole head of raven tresses remained in the victor's grasp. The flowing mustache came next.

"A very good joke, Joey, my boy," gasped Geoffrey faintly.

"Oh, Joey, water—brandy! He is not well. We carried it too far. I told you we ought not to do it. It's all your fault," scolded Florrie with all a woman's treachery, and her arms round her still dazed husband's neck, and calling him all the names of the honey-moon.

"I think my plan was a success though," said Joey, as he wished his sister good-night under the relict gas.

"I think it was," said Florrie with a happy laugh, "but no one must ever know about it."

And no one ever did, except one person; but then she knew everything.

"That's a very clever boy, Joey," mused Lady Angelica over her morning cigarette. "I must wish what can be done for him."—Belgravia.

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Hiram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells his experience thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for stomach and kidney disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and this Electric Bitters the best I do of Purifier in the world." Major A. S. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

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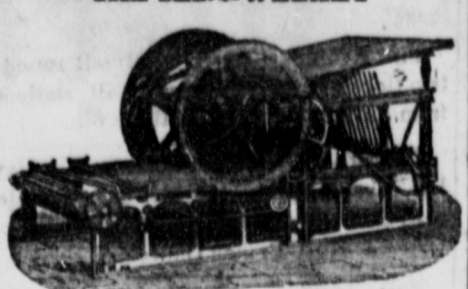
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